THE NATION

AUGUST 6, 1960 . . 25c

NIXON TAKES OVER

IS THIS THEIR BEST?

Robert G. Spivack

THE ROCKEFELLER GAMBIT

James Desmond

GOP ON TV

David Cort

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WIFE OF THE 'HAPPY WORKER'

Patricia Cayo Sexton

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LETTERS

Reflections on L.A.

Dear Sirs: The Democratic Party in recent years has demonstrated repeatedly its decline as an instrument for liberal ideas and action, even while its success at the polls has increased. . . . It was discouraging to have seen some of the so-called leaders of the liberal forces in the country, such as Schlesinger, Rauh, Reuther, etc., being taken in by a candidate whose equivocal record (especially on the McCarthy issue), lack of new ideas, and questionable campaign tactics should at least have made them somewhat more wary.

It is possible, of course, to argue that Senator Kennedy's ideas have changed in recent years (the closer he got to the convention, the more liberal he became), but then the Republicans are saying the same thing about their boy Nixon.

THEODORE KINNAMAN

Galena, Ill.

'Debrainwashing'

Dear Sirs: The article by Carleton Beals "Cuba: Victim or Aggressor?" in your July 23 issue was very convincing. If his premise and facts are correct (and I have no reason to doubt them), he has done a great service to me personnally by beginning the process of "debrainwashing" one who has been following the Cuban situation in all the leading newspapers, periodicals and television accounts for several months.

Means should be found to enlighten the public as to what is actually going on in Cuba and what is behind the United States and USSR diplomatic moves. Keep us informed lest we fall into the errors of the past in our future dealing with our neighbors to the south of us.

L. E. ROBERTS, President
Middle Georgia College

Cochran, Ga.

The 'Spontaneity' Theory

Dear Sirs: Gratitude to *The Nation* cannot be overstated for such brilliant essays as "The Balance of Blame" by C. Wright Mills (June 18) and the wonderfully illuminating reports by Carleton Beals from Cuba (July 3). Neither can it escape criticism, I feel, for the publication of such subjective outpourings on current history as "The Students Take Over" by Kenneth Rexroth (July 2), puzzling in its false protestations, contradictory and self-defeating in defense of its thesis, and all too frequently damaging in its distortion of facts.

I would not dream of denying Mr. Rexroth's right to defend, as his very poetic own, his theory of the spontaneity of history. His insistence that the events he describes were spontaneous, five times by count, may well be discounted as "style," but did he hope to discourage challenge by finally saying they were "unquestioningly spontaneous"? . . .

Mr. Rexroth reports the heroic saga of Bayard Rustin who, he tells us, shortly after the last war boarded a bus in Chicago, headed south, defied the Jim Crow restrictions, was prosecuted and persecuted, beaten brutally, hospitalized and jailed, fought back in court and aroused millions by his courageous fight. So spectacular was his crusade that, in Mr. Rexroth's own words, "The Southern Negro *had been shown* [my emphasis] the only technique that had any possibility of winning." In the very next paragraph, with hail-blithe-spirit disregard for what he had previously written, he informs us that a short time later ". . . after things simmered down a little . . . spontaneously, out of nowhere, the Montgomery bus boycott materialized." . . . If the Montgomery bus boycott was spontaneous, why mention that Bayard Rustin's action preceded it?

Mr. Rexroth then proceeds to characterize the sit-ins among the Negro students as spontaneous, and again seems indifferent to the fact that but a few paragraphs before he had stated, ". . . the Montgomery achievement has become a source from which had flowed the moral awakening, first, of Negro, and following them, of white youth." Even in metaphor the movement behind the "spontaneity" cannot be concealed.

Most disturbing — so much so that temptation to seek motivation other than poetic impulse is almost irresistible — is the following cloudy concept: ". . . the response [to the sit-ins] on the campuses of the white colleges was immediate." (Even if true, how fast is "immediate"? And how does one equate the length of time elapsed between action and reaction with "spontaneity," whether in electronics, politics or morality?) Astonishingly, he continues: "There *had always been interracial committees* around [my emphasis again] but they were limited to a handful of eccentrics. These increased tremendously and involved large numbers of quite normal students."

In this puzzling formulation Mr. Rexroth is open to two possible interpretations: if his characterization of that "handful of eccentrics" was intended as an irony, he certainly does little to bolster his theory of spontaneity; but if he is actually contemptuous of those young men and women, Negro and white, who persevered valiantly through hard-pressed years; if he really looks upon them as eccentrics — "premature

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Welfare-Warfare Politics

After Chicago it is possible to see that while the 1960 campaign will not be fought on issues, the outcome may well determine an important one: Which of the two parties is to serve as the favored instrument or vehicle of the new welfare-warfare liberalism of the 1960s? In the past, it has been a commonplace that the differences between the two parties were never as great as they were made to appear; all the same there *were* differences — in history, in principle, in practice — as a juxtaposition of the names McKinley and Bryan, Taft and Wilson, Hoover and Roosevelt suggests. Differences over local and sectional issues were often sharp, and were frequently influential in shaping national policies. But under the tight controls which Kennedy and Nixon will impose, both parties will become increasingly national, with national machines superseding the local and state apparatuses. At the same time, issues which were once regarded as essentially local or sectional have become national — for example, civil rights. Nationally, the balance of power has shifted in favor of the large states to the degree that both parties must now take a strong position on this issue. And this change, in turn, has disrupted the bipartisan coalition of right-wing elements which has been the dominant force in Congress for two decades.

In both Los Angeles and Chicago, the right wings were impotent and miserable. Never again will Dixiecrats terrorize moderate and liberal Democrats; never again will isolationist, anti-labor elements compel Republican nominees to talk nonsense. "It looks to me," Senator Barry Goldwater said to a caucus in Chicago, "as if this is the end of the Republican Party as we know it," meaning as he would like it to be. And so it is. If the respective right wings were to revolt and form a new party, they would have less influence, combined, than they can now exert (thanks to seniority) in Congress. But even their influence in Congress is waning.

All of this has made it possible for "liberal" elements to rise to power in both parties. But we will not long need two parties to sell essentially the same product. It will not do for the Republicans to accept the same objectives as the Democrats while merely stressing differences in method and emphasis. Eventually one party or the other will emerge as the chosen instrument for the new liberalism and this year's election will shape, if it does not determine, which party it will be.

What is this new liberalism, so-called? Its elements include a strong emphasis on growth economics and civil rights (civil liberties are ignored), a "strong" line in foreign policy, the expansion of social services, welfare and development programs and, above all, stepped-up arms spending. On the surface, growth is stressed as a means of keeping up with or getting ahead of the Russians; off the record, as the indispensable offset to automation. Growth economists do not stress national economic planning or structural reforms in the economy, and they blur the distinction between arms spending and other types of spending. This new welfare-warfare liberalism — it is called "liberalism" because it is sponsored by the younger, rising elements in both parties — is dressed up with the usual ritualistic phrases: "rigorous enforcement of anti-trust laws," "save the family-size farm," "aid to small business," etc.; but no one takes these slogans seriously. Sooner or later, new forces, arising in one party or the other or outside both, will present an alternative program; but until this happens the two major parties will fight to see which is to implement a program that both have now accepted.

Up the U.N.!

In international politics, disaster may always supervene in the midtide of seeming success, so it is per-

To *Nation* Readers

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haps too early to be optimistic in a situation as desperately tangled as that of the Congo. But it can be said that so far the problems have been handled in a manner that must cause friends of global law, order and justice to rejoice, and elicit grudging admiration even from our latter-day cavemen. The fact is that the United Nations — and specifically its Secretary General — has brought off the most brilliant coup of international diplomacy since World War I. If events can only be kept moving in this direction, the nations will get into the pattern of looking to the U.N. to cope with future trouble, and those that are hostile or backward will lose whatever influence has been theirs in the past.

What a sharp contrast between Secretary General Hammarskjold's maneuvers and the brute-force diplomacy of the Soviet Union and the United States! He had Ralph Bunche, a Negro, in Leopoldville when the lid blew off. He moved Swedish Major General Carl Carlsson von Horn, U.N. Truce Enforcement Chief along the Arab-Israeli borders, to the Congo to command the U.N. force which was being flown from Ghana, Guinea, Morocco, Tunisia and Ethiopia; from Sweden, Ireland, Liberia and the Mali Federation. By first enlisting the cooperation of the Afro-Asian bloc and recommending that the U.N. force should be drawn primarily from "sister African nations," he balked any possible effort on the part of the Soviet Union and the United States to transfer their hostilities to the terrain of the Congo. Instead, they were relegated almost painlessly to the constructive role of flying in U.N. troops, food, supplies and medical aid. The British and other nations contributed to the air lift, and the Soviet Union voted for the first time in favor of a U.N. military force and found itself ferrying Ghanian troops from Accra to the Congo.

Not very long ago, a crisis like that in the Congo would have called for intervention by the great powers to restore order, partition the country into spheres of influence, and then fall out among themselves with far greater detriment to the peace than the original situation had ever threatened. U.N. intervention has not only obviated this traditional outcome, but it gives the Belgians and the Congolese, the former exploiters and the former victims, a chance to work out a civilized and civilizing relationship based on mutual need and mutual respect. This will take some doing, but it is not impossible. The chief remaining obstacle is the party of Moise Tshombe, the Belgian Quisling in Katanga, who is reported to have declared (at a cocktail party) that the "African elite" would join the Belgians if the latter left. It is perhaps too much to hope that the "African elite," the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the Société Générale de Belgique and their British and American colleagues and stockholders (including the Rockefeller family) will see the light without some further persuasion, but the dark continent is not as dark as it used to be.

Even though only a beginning has been made, that beginning shows that people want peace — a peace of action and heroism, not merely the absence of war. All honor to the soldiers of the United Nations! The United States Air Force, in its contribution, has won glory that it could never achieve in a thousand spy flights or a thousand Hiroshimas. "Among all that is so sad and so mean and so sour in world politics," Walter Lippmann wrote, "it is heartening to think that something so good and so pure in its purpose is possible." Men of good will everywhere will take heart.

Senator Kefauver

The Nation has a suggestion to offer for the guidance of Tennessee voters in the state's August 4 primary. Let them make an inventory of the interests actively arrayed against Senator Estes Kefauver—racial bigots, super-patriots, big-time crooks and corrupt politicians still angry about the Senator's crime investigations, professional instigators of "right-to-work" campaigns, interests incensed by his investigations of pricing policies in the drug, auto and steel industries, enemies of TVA, and other political miscreants. Then let them ask themselves this question: with such a collection of splendid enemies arrayed against him, doesn't the Senator warrant another term in the Senate? Isn't this collection of enemies the best evidence of the fact that he has served the interests of the people of Tennessee well for the twelve years he has been in the Senate? We are not among his constituents, but we wish we were. He is the Senate's ablest investigator. In defense of the general interest — that is, of all those interests not represented by special lobbies — he has been diligent, inventive, intelligent, reliable and, above all, courageous. It is one thing for a Senator from New York to be against lynchings in Mississippi; it is something else again when a Senator from Tennessee votes for civil-rights legislation. In terms of public service, Senator Kefauver has earned the support and assistance of all his constituents, and of the citizens of the other forty-nine states as well.

Euphoria Polaris

Among the newsmen who were privileged to witness it, neither strong drink nor love of woman nor the best football game ever played could elicit such ecstasies of prose as the first public undersea launching of the Navy's solid-fuel missile, blessed Polaris. "Suddenly," one of the scriveners wrote, "the blue-green Gulf Stream erupted with convulsive fury. Like a giant marlin in a cascade of brine, a gray, bottle-shaped

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monster leaped into the afternoon. For an instant it hung against the sky — silent, ominous, streaming foam. Then it came alive with unearthly racket. Its tail belched flame, and it climbed into its new element with incredible ease." It must have been quite a spectacle.

With somewhat less assurance, the citizen-taxpayer and possible victim of the Soviet Polaris (for there is or will be one) will note the words of Rear Admiral William Raborn, Jr., boss of the American Polaris project. Admiral Raborn (or his public relations officer) declared: "This new star of peace hoisted a trail of missile smoke from salt water to space as a signal of a bright new addition to seapower, a new strategic use of the world's oceans which will be felt around the world and across the iron and bamboo curtains." What will be felt is already in the news. The cold war is waged not only in the air, where all one can say about the downing of the RB-47 is that, in all probability, both sides are lying. The cold war is also waged at sea: an American freighter is stopped by an armed Soviet patrol vessel in international waters of the Pacific, the Soviet Union complains of American aircraft's "buzzing" Soviet vessels (likewise in international waters), U.S. aircraft are reported to have sunk an unidentified ship off the Batanes Islands in the northern Philippines, the United States counter-complains that a Soviet trawler laden with electronic equipment spied on the missile-firing submarine *George Washington*. And in the laboratories, some of the hottest research items at the moment are in ASW (anti-submarine warfare). Enthusiasts may speak of Polaris as "the ideal deterrent: an all but invulnerable striking force capable of surviving a sneak attack — a mobile, dispersible, devastating guarantee of destruction to any enemy tempted to touch off an all-out assault," but how long do they think only American nuclear submarines will traverse the seas? Admiral Rickover may be right when he suggests that the best weapon against a submarine is another submarine. All that the weapon innovators can do is extend the realm of nuclear warfare into yet another element and to multiply the problems of jurisdiction and trespassing another hundredfold. If this is a "new star of peace," black is white.

Cutting Off the Nose

When great nations come into conflict, great follies normally take place, but the follies can be even greater when a great power feels impelled to crack down on a small one. Witness the wicked gamin Castro and the puissant hemispheric policeman Uncle Sam, with his awesome array of bombs and bombers, missiles launched from land, sea and air, and the Voice of America explaining it all. What the goaded giant finally did was to cut the Cuban sugar quota by 700,000 tons. Many sober citizens had their doubts about this mode of reprisal; they included Chairman Harold D. Cooley of the House Agricultural Committee, who resisted the move as long as he could. But the issue had been permitted to shape up in this form: a continuation of the liberal policy on Cuban sugar will aid Castro, who is a Communist fellow traveler, ergo it will aid communism, ergo Congress must act. The Administration, smarting under a series of defeats culminating in the lugubrious Tokyo affair, was even more eager for action. So Hagerty (this is an assumption, but Jim seems to have a hand in everything) and the State Department cracked down.

With what result? Castro lost the American subsidy (actually a subsidy to the American producer) for the time being. Obviously he had expected to lose it; to counterbalance the reprisal he had long invited, he now had a suitable pretext for seizing American-owned sugar mills and other property. He promptly made deals with the Soviet Union and Red China which took care of his immediate problem — to keep Cuban sugar exports (and employment of Cuban sugar workers) at normal level. This expedient, while uneconomic in terms of transportation costs, was by no means a novelty (as Carleton Beals pointed out in our issue of July 23). In 1954, the Batista regime sold 500,000 tons to the Soviet Union and such sales have been going on since under both Batista and Castro. Nor was this the first sale to Communist China. In short, Castro had himself covered pretty well.

Not so Uncle Sam. The *Journal of Commerce* (July 25) entitles its editorial on the subject, "Asleep at the Switch." The *Journal* takes the view that the cutback in the Cuban quota was justified by Castro's provocations, but it adds, "Seldom . . . has any U.S. administration demonstrated a greater incapacity to cope with a relatively simple situation than that which this Administration created when it slashed the Cuban sugar quota. To punish Castro was one thing. To attempt to punish him without first having taken the most elemental steps to cope with the effects . . . on our own markets is quite another."

These effects are described in the *Journal* at length by A. E. Mockler and they add up to an example of really outstanding administrative incompetence. The price of refined sugar is advancing to the highest levels in some forty years (after assurances that there would be no increase). This advance, moreover, is a "quickie," without the usual interval during which buyers build up their inventories at the old price. "Hence," says Mr. Mockler, "the latest advance will be reflected at the consumer level more quickly." And this in an election year!

Next year, when General Eisenhower hopes Mr.

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Nixon will be President, the squeeze will really be on — not on Cuba, but on us.

But what about the punishment of the Communists and the undermining of their foothold in the Western Hemisphere? We have acted, in effect, like the stern father who, objecting to his daughter's suitor, evicted her from his house and sent her to live with her lover. The Cubans announce arrangements to buy Soviet, Czech, Polish and East German factories on Soviet credit; Cuban refineries work with Soviet oil; brother Raul visits Moscow; Cuba will probably recognize Communist China, and so on. And the world must be confirmed in its poor opinion of American political sagacity, at least as exhibited by Eisenhower and his advisers.

NIXON TAKES OVER

I. Is This Their Best?.. *by Robert G. Spivack*

To cover the Chicago convention, The Nation *assigned Robert G. Spivack, political columnist and Washington correspondent for the liberal New York* Post, *and James Desmond, Albany correspondent for the N.Y.* Daily News, *who has long been following sympathetically the career of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. Meanwhile David Cort, former* Time-Life *editor, watched proceedings on TV.*—EDITORS.

Chicago

ABOUT ALL that can be said for either the Republicans or the Democrats is that the delegates to their national conventions must have implicit faith in the ability of this nation to muddle through any internal crisis and to survive any external threat.

Certainly the politicians, if not the people, seem unimpressed by warnings that these are moments of great urgency and that this is a "time for greatness." How else explain the decisions, in a period of such upheaval and change, to choose as candidates for President the second-best man in each party?

The Democrats, dominated by their Northern bosses and Southern Bourbons, adopted a liberal-sounding platform and then proceeded to choose as standard-bearers two men who basically are right-of-center. The Republicans, anxious to hide the fact that their hearts really belong to Barry Goldwater, edged almost imperceptibly to the Left.

When all is said and done, Richard M. Nixon came out looking a good deal better than when he went in. With the unintentional assistance of Nelson Rockefeller, he emerged with a new "liberal look." On the other hand, Sen. John F. Kennedy came out looking much worse for wear. The wheeling and dealing, the ruthlessness with which delegates were lined up, and the cynicism which passes for realism, tarnished the "earnest" image of the young man from Massachusetts — but probably not beyond repair. Now that the hoopla is over, the rest of us can settle down for the battle of the automatons. If the public fails to be impressed with either party, or either man, the explanation may simply be that it is difficult to become passionate in a contest between two IBM machines. All we can hope is that the best machine will win.

It is possible, of course, that both candidates may yet surprise us. The campaign may bring out depth of character, knowledge, warmth and wisdom that now seem so well hidden that their very existence is in doubt. The Kennedy partisans are fond of recalling that Franklin D. Roosevelt did not look very promising when he was Governor of New York. That's not much of a guarantee that Kennedy may yet become another FDR. It is to be hoped that he has all of Roosevelt's qualities, and not merely a capacity for duplicity.

So far as Nixon is concerned, Thomas E. Dewey seems to be his real hero. He does a fair job of imitating the former New York Governor, even down to fashioning his suits with a peculiar Dewey shoulder slouch.

After covering five Presidential campaigns, I am willing to concede that a certain amount of deception is necessary to win elections and even nominations. Kennedy pulled off quite a bluff when he managed to make his opponents believe that victory against Humphrey and Morse in four primaries, out of fifty states, constituted a genuine popular call for his brand of leadership.

What is disturbing about Kennedy and Nixon is that their apologists feel that they must constantly remind us how much growth potential each man has. Was the White House ever intended to be a national laboratory, a test center, where promising young men could try out? Even the frenzied assurances of Joseph Alsop about how the Democrats have chosen their two biggest men, does not eliminate all doubt. Dewey's assertion that Nixon is "uniquely qualified to lead us in the troubled years ahead" impels one to ask: "Lead us where?" What has been demonstrated at Los Angeles and Chicago, perhaps all that has been demonstrated, is that both men have the will to win, that they are competent political organizers and that neither suffers any shortage of campaign funds.

Jim Farley said, in a moment of introspection, that he felt he was attending a "troubled convention." Jack Javits and others in Chicago seemed to feel the same way. Certainly the public apathy towards both conventions, at least as demonstrated by television ratings, would seem to indicate there is an uneasiness about both Nixon and Kennedy.

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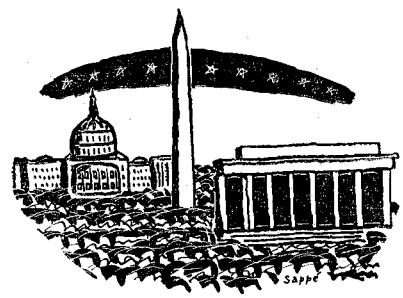
What is it? Basically, I would think, it is a feeling of distrust, that neither man consistently matches words and deeds.

LET'S LOOK at Kennedy first. After sixteen years in Congress, the author of *Profiles in Courage* has yet to get out front on any big issue. Indeed, many people still await a convincing explanation of his failure to oppose the late Sen. McCarthy, even after Lyndon Johnson found it safe to do so. Instead of all the tortured explanations, Kennedy might simply have said that it would have been political suicide in Massachusetts to condemn the wild man from Wisconsin. Such an explanation would have been understood and accepted.

The Kennedy-McCarthy issue may be dismissed as ancient history, but the same cannot be said of the meeting early this year with Gov. Patterson of Alabama. Again the lack of candor is what trips up Kennedy. He might have said forthrightly that he needed Southern support to win, that he did not know what a bitter segregationist Patterson was, or even have admitted that he had made a mistake. That's not such an awful admission for a man in public life, at least for one who is sure of himself. Instead, the Kennedy camp talked blithely of how he was really writing off the South. This was the approach used by his aides to many liberals. In his own meeting with the Liberal Party leaders in New York, Kennedy did nothing to dispel the notion. Again, when he was trying to line up New England intellectuals and leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, Kennedy left the distinct — but apparently erroneous — impression that to him, "LBJ" was political anathema.

Now we are told getting Johnson on the ticket was all part of a clever plot to get him out of the Senate leadership. But this is only one of a half-dozen versions of how Johnson happened to become Kennedy's running mate. What interests me, even more than the accuracy of any version, is how Kennedy squared putting Johnson on the ticket one day after he (Kennedy) struck one of the foulest blows of the 1960 campaign. Johnson's assertion that "I never was for Hitler," was an attempt to destroy Kennedy in New York by bringing Father Joe's skeleton out of the closet. Kennedy pretended it never happened; at least he sought no public retraction.

Another revealing aspect of the Kennedy campaign has been his belated wooing of the "clean government" Democrats in New York. When he sought delegates, he did nothing to encourage the hard-put Democratic reform movement. Ironically, this is one aspect of FDR's early career his researchers must have overlooked; FDR fought Tammany from the beginning. But now Kennedy is trying to win his way back into the good graces of the Lehmans, Roosevelts and Finletters. Yet the moment Democratic State Chairman Michael Prendergast reminded Kennedy how 104½ machine votes were cast in his behalf — it "was no accident," Prendergast said — Kennedy promptly referred to Prendergast as "the leader" in New York.



ONE FINAL point about the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. Although the portrait of a cynical young man in a hurry is not very engaging, certainly Kennedy is entitled to further surveillance before any final judgments are made. He may grow. The fact is he has grown tremendously in ability to handle himself in the last year. But what about Johnson? His presence on the ticket is a cause for genuine liberal concern. It is not merely that he is there to reassure the South on civil rights. That's a secondary and fading interest of the conservative Dixie politicians. The Russells, Byrds and their allies consider their primary duty is to protect the oil, gas, banking, munitions and other predatory corporate interests which are always seeking special favors from the Congress.

Is Johnson meant to become the first Vice President in history with the power of the veto? Many people, including portions of the Wall Street press, think his assignment is to obstruct social reform and to keep a tight rein on the Northern "radicals" (who exist only in the fantasies of conservative anti-Kennedyites).

TURNING to Nixon, the story in a way is familiar—it's "tricky Dicky" brought up to date. By this time, it would seem, there is nothing more that could be written about the wily Vice President. After the $18,000 "private fund" story it seemed he was dead; after the "Checkers" speech, he was very much alive. In 1954, he traveled the well-worn low road of "white-collar McCarthyism." By 1956, he was moving towards the "high road," except for a slip now and then. Within two years, we began to read of the "New Nixon."

There were essays in the British press and elsewhere about how he had grown in stature. He was even supposed to have acquired a taste for things cultural. But by 1960, he aligns himself with the "Left Republican" views of Rockefeller, even favoring the "objectives" of the Negro sit-ins. His old friends, the Goldwaters, Dirksens and Bridges', are aghast. Goldwater speaks of a "Republican Munich" in describing the "compact of Fifth Ave." Leonard Hall, supposedly Nixon's campaign manager, did not even know Nixon had gone to see Rockefeller until one of Hall's spies in the Rockefeller organization phoned to tell him.

As always with Nixon, the most fascinating part of his campaign will be his tactics. No one is likely at this late stage to mistake Nixon for a man of conviction. But as tactician he has no peer. The key word will be "humility." The more the Kennedys sail around Nantucket Sound, or try to hide Old Joe, the more Nixon will be pictured as the hard-working people's candidate in short sleeves, reminding everyone, "I am not a rich man's son." He will be the modern "barefoot boy of Wall Street," with the big-

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gest corporate kitty in modern politics. Even though his ideological friends, such as Goldwater, may feel betrayed, Wall Street will feel Nixon is a bit safer than a Democratic ticket supported by Walter Reuther. On the other hand, if neither big business nor organized labor feels completely certain about either candidate — that, too, will be understandable.

The biggest factor working for Nixon — and also against him — is the so-called "Catholic issue." It is the really unknown quantity in the campaign. The Nixonites, however, are operating on the assumption that all Catholics will vote for Kennedy. Their efforts will be to get two Protestants to the polls for every Catholic. This could lead to one of the bitterest campaigns in recent American history. During the GOP convention, there was a young man running back and forth in the Sheraton-Blackstone lobby yelling "crucifixion for Nixon," and the Republican answers were no loftier. That's the sort of campaign we are facing.

Only the reporters retained their sense of humor and detachment. The press offered the Democrats as a slogan, "Ave Maria, you-all."

As the campaign shapes up there may be many voters who will wonder if this nation does not deserve more of its politicians. Perhaps now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of a third party. Since we are gambling with the future of the country in any case, I wonder what would happen if someone took the time and money to promote a Stevenson-Rockefeller ticket? They could run on the readily available advertising slogan, "Why take less than the best?"

II. The Rockefeller Gambit.. *by James Desmond*

Chicago

PERHAPS THE MOST meaningful development of the Republican Presidential convention was the emergence of Nelson A. Rockefeller as a full-fledged national leader with the power to make his voice heard in the councils of the nation. In resigning his hopeless Presidential ambitions — hopeless because the party pros were against him almost to a man — the New York Governor added to his stature by getting the civil-rights platform he wanted and by shifting the entire Republican Party to a more liberal position designed to attract independent voters in November.

The independent voters may not buy the new GOP — it is dangerous to forecast in July what the American people will do in November — but whether Vice President Nixon wins or loses the election, Rockefeller has made his point. He has undercut the conservatives who were Nixon's original and most vociferous backers, and he has identified himself in the public mind as the leader of the international Eastern wing of the party. That he has also put himself in position to make a grab for party control if the Nixon ticket is beaten may be coincidental, but it is nevertheless a hard fact, whether intended or not. And, although he outraged many delegates by his maneuvering on the platform, he also had acumen enough to yield a phrase here and there in the writing to avoid a floor fight. This gave him a claim to party regularity that may be an important factor in his political future. He can buttress this claim if, by vigorous campaigning, he can save the New York State Senate from the Democrats in the fall even though the Nixon ticket should go down.

This, of course, is not to say that this was a Rockefeller convention. He was caught in a power play and at no time did he have any chance of upsetting the nomination of Nixon. But circumstances worked in his favor. The delegates, many of whom left Chicago in a deeply pessimistic mood, knew from the outset that New York was vital to their chances in November. Even those who wanted no part of Rockefeller realized that they needed him to avoid a split that would have doomed both the national and local tickets. So they submitted to the relatively liberal platform, although in their true Republican hearts many found it too close to New Dealism to subscribe to it, much less like it.

THIS agreement was not a "surrender," as Senator Barry Goldwater termed it. It was a cold-blooded, realistic acceptance of a political fact of life in 1960 and Nixon took a calculated risk boldly. What convinced him, between one and three o'clock on the afternoon of the Friday before the convention opened, that the risk was necessary is still an unanswered question. But, from Nixon's background, it is safe to assume it wasn't panic. When the full story comes out, it will probably be found that the decision was made outside the political community.

Whatever the reason for the decision, it was the saving factor of this convention. Morale was at its nadir when the delegates arrived because of fear that Senator Kennedy would sweep the industrial states with their large Catholic votes. But when Rockefeller and Nixon got together, and both followed through on their pledges — Rockefeller to kill the draft for him and Nixon to force through the civil-rights plank — a certain sense of unity became apparent. President Eisenhower's hard-hitting speech to the convention helped, but the practical politicians weren't accepting a warm glow as a precursor of victory. The Republican Party left this convention still badly divided. Much work remains to be done, particularly in New York, Illinois and Michigan, to name only three of the industrial states now considered to be in danger. A lot will depend on how the Republicans follow through on the platform and how vigorously Rockefeller campaigns. The Governor has shown all signs of going all-out, but there is a lingering suspicion among Nixonites that Rockefeller wouldn't be too saddened if Nixon should lose the election. The reasoning, of course, is that a Nixon loss would open the way for a full-dress drive

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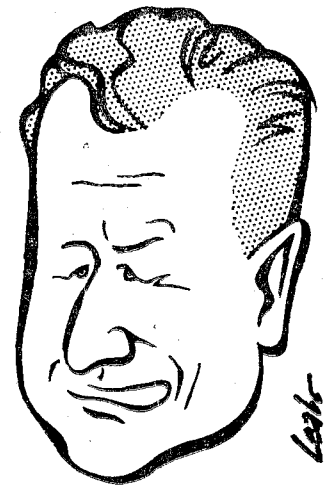
for the nomination by Rockefeller in 1964.

Two things would appear to dispute this reasoning. First is Rockefeller's character. He prides himself on his integrity and he has a deep sense of mission to save the country from communism. And, second, it is proved political fact that in 1964 the election odds against Rockefeller, assuming he survives the 1962 state election, would be measurably increased because incumbents are two-to-one favorites to win the second time out.

YET 1964 WILL remain part of the picture during the election campaign. Rockefeller didn't win any votes when he addressed the various caucuses held during the convention, but he made friends, as the comments of the delegates showed, and he stamped his image firmly on the party. The curious thing about all this is that Rockefeller increased his stature while disturbing some delegates and bringing down on himself the wrath of the professionals in charge of the Nixon drive.

Rockefeller kept his drive out in the open. He had nothing to gain by sitting down with the pros, who were against him anyway, and he sincerely believed, as he said repeatedly, that the wide-ranging debate in and out of the platform committee stimulated interest in the party. Furthermore, he could tell the pros to go to hell because, if Nixon wins, Rockefeller must expect them to shut him out eight years from now. On the other hand, if the Republicans lose the 1960 election after their crushing defeat in 1958, there will be a shakeup in the party that will bring new men to power, and Rockefeller will be their rallying



point. Nixon acknowledged this publicly on the morning after his nomination, when he told New York delegates that he would work "with and through" the Governor on all leadership problems. He also promised, if elected, that the state party organization, which Rockefeller firmly controls, would be the channel through which all federal patronage would be dispensed.

This open recognition that Rockefeller must be consulted also has wider significance. Since the New Yorker has reserved his right to speak out on national and world affairs as he sees fit, the Democrats must, of necessity, be prepared to swing to the Left of him. This, alone, it was calculated here, could be a factor in pushing through a social-security old-age medical care bill.

The Democrats have the votes to pass the bill. They also have the knowledge that President Eisenhower opposes it, but since the President gave what amounted to *carte blanche* to Nixon to write his own ticket, the Southern Democrats would be put on the spot: they cannot have the measure and rely upon its being killed by a Republican Presidential veto, as might have been possible a month ago.

But the test probably won't come when Congress reconvenes to wind up its unfinished business. Party positions haven't hardened enough now to make it reasonable for either side to rush into drastic action. Yet when Congress does move, Rockefeller will have been a factor in moving it.

The assessment must be that Rockefeller, who has held elective office less than twenty months, came out of the convention ahead on major points. True, he had to shelve his Presidential ambitions, perhaps permanently, but he did make himself a larger force in the conduct of the country's affairs.

III. GOP on TV . . *by David Cort*

TRANSLATED on the TV screen, the message of the Republican Convention in Chicago seemed to be to exhume the past. Messrs. Herbert Hoover and Thomas Dewey were both exposed, the one looking like one's rich but stingy great-aunt, the other with his forgotten trick of freezing his face in the pauses, so that he seems to turn momentarily into a waxworks dummy. Furthermore, Dewey's current mustache seems painted-on, very much like Groucho's.

The present euphoria of the Republican Party, basking in the Ike-like glow, is sufficiently indicated by its resuscitating these two disasters, who of course aired their views at length. Dewey struck one as a very clever criminal lawyer. As for Hoover, who will kick a dog so long dead? But to the Republicans these two painful memories have turned beautiful, as if they had all been born after 1930, and Herbert Hoover were a dug-up godhead, of mysterious potency.

This infatuation with the past was repeated in the seconders of Nixon's nomination: Robert Taft, Jr.; John Roosevelt with his father's teeth (and that was all), and Teddy Roosevelt's granddaughter with her grandfather's teeth. But the greater name, which nearly every speech worked up to, was Abraham Lincoln who, at his death at fifty-six, had been younger than most of these speakers.

BY FAR the most effective Republican on TV, almost without trying, was Henry Cabot Lodge. With his look of the playboy who has had to go to work, he carries a sort of martyred sincerity that comes over on TV. His character, in this treacherous medium, shows not one false note. Told that he was regarded as lacking a sense of humor, he estab-

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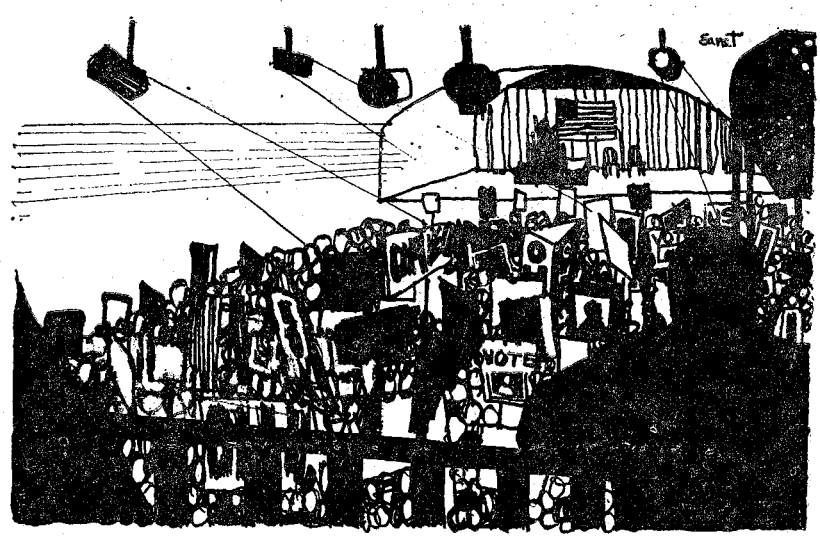
lished his sense of humor firmly with the comment, "Is that so?"

Barry Goldwater, lean, chinny, hungry, is the model of the old-style villain, the one found tying the heroine to the railway tracks. The mummery of Goldwater's nomination and rejection speech had even Republican viewers cursing.

Dirksen is a real addition to any cast. Looking something like Bert Lahr, he reminds one of the fox's toady in Disney's movie of Pinocchio — was it a cat? — which after a life of defeats and false starts, wants only to be allowed to go along with the mischief.

Eisenhower, as usual, gave his impression of not being a politician at all, but a kindly, stern paterfamilias. The whole Republican strategy appeared again in his speech: that Democratic criticism is "despair" — and he found it almost beyond his powers to describe his "feelings of indignation" at such un-American pessimism. The America he sees is all one big smile. This is positive thinking and carries a strong reek of Madison Avenue.

The thing about TV is that an irrelevancy may suddenly dominate the proceedings. On one network, the screen was overrun for five minutes by a funny straw hat with a twitching, jiggling feather. When Julie Nixon dozed off on screen, she may have won a million much-needed votes for her father. She awoke in time to wave her arm off for Eisenhower's arrival. And in the crowd welcoming Eisenhower earlier, there appeared the unmistakable — or so it seemed — head of Khrushchev. A shudder, and then it was gone.



The camera kept returning to Milton Eisenhower, to Nelson Rockefeller whose smile was not far from a sneer, and to Mrs. Nixon, who maintained the correct painted smile that ladies reserve for weddings.

One can imagine the experts, before this convention, deciding with satisfaction that Abe Lincoln would be just the man to win the 1960 election. But when he is actually dragged out and paraded back and forth, something seems to be lacking. Perhaps the Republicans still don't understand him.

WIFE of the 'HAPPY WORKER'.. *by Patricia Cayo Sexton*

THE MYTH of the American woman casts her in a cheery *Saturday Evening Post* portrait, presiding over the succulent roast, with smiling offspring reaching for their portions while the husband watches benevolently from the head of the table. The myth is pleasant but totally false when applied to the wife of the average worker.

No more accurate is the European male-inspired myth of the American woman as super-privileged, pampered by luxury and attention, dominating her husband and family, and spending most of her day flitting through the cocktail-club circuit. This may be a faithful portrait of some strata of American womanhood, but not of the worker's wife.

Her day's circuit is rarely concentric with the club and social rounds traveled by her middle-class counterpart. Instead of the Junior League, her concern is mainly with Junior and his unceasing demands on her energies. Instead of presiding over a PTA meeting, arranging a charity ball at the local yacht club, entertaining week-end guests, or even collecting signatures for Adlai Stevenson, she is busy with Junior's whooping cough, the week's ironing, the plugged sink, the wet pants, the runny nose, the pay check that can't cover expenses, the kids who won't stop yelling and fighting — and the husband who offers little affection or attention in payment for her drudgery.

In observing that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," Thoreau used the traditional masculine gender to submerge the feminine. Today even those intellectuals who believe in the myth of the Happy Worker will have to admit that "quiet desperation" aptly describes the life of his wife.

The worker's wife belongs to one of the largest and (paradoxically, in view of its size) most neglected groups in our population. It is even larger than our Negro minority — about 18,300,000, compared with about 17,500,000 Negroes (many of whom can't even vote). But while

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the Negro's collective voice is coming through loud and clear these days, shaking up our whole pattern of society, the workingman's wife has no collective voice. Indeed, there is nothing "collective" about her; she is basically unorganized, a central quality of her life. She is neither a joiner — nor a participant. Though deeply religious, she is much less likely to attend church regularly than her middle-class counterpart, and still less likely to take a more than menial role in church affairs. Similarly, her PTA activity is relatively limited, and — most tragically — she is usually a stranger, sometimes suspicious and hostile, to her husband's union, the one organization that ought to have a natural interest in her potentialities.

She is, typically, a harried housewife, lonely, worried about everything from the diaper wash to world cataclysm; and — above all — she is virtually isolated from life outside the confines of her family and neighborhood. In the sociologist's language, she is a "primary" group person living in a "secondary" group society.

SHE DOES not have time or money for club life and "entertaining"; worse, she seems to lack the inner resources — the self-direction, the confidence, the assertiveness, the will — to move about freely in the larger world. Though deeply resourceful in organizing her own household with limited means, she usually doesn't have the impulse, much less the know-how, to go outside her home for help — to set up neighborhood nursery groups, for example, in order to reduce her work load. She is almost helplessly dependent on the neighborhood folkways and mores — what "other people would think" and, especially, her husband.

The middle- to upper-class American wife is perhaps the best organized, the club-joiningest person around. Of the 11 million members of 15,000 women's clubs in this country, only a light sprinkling are the wives of workingmen. And, while the club woman may be vaguely dissatisfied with her life and may turn to the psychoanalyst's couch (or someone else's) for sufficient male attention, she at least h the resources to find occasional ease from the confining grip of hon and husband.

THE LACK of resources —nancial, psychic and social — the workingman's wife may accot for the discovery recently mado y a mental-hygiene survey (*Amicans View Their Mental Health*) t she belongs to one of the two m discounted groups in our society— the other group being male cle

That the worker's wife is l than dutifully contented must surprising information to many. riters and scholars have done littlo tip us off; while plotting almoevery gesture of the club woman d the working woman, they havffered barely a footnote to the imspicuous and undemanding rking-man's wife. Like other orvers, they seem to look right thrh and past her to those women o can be seen and heard, whose uence on the national scene is uistakable.

A new study, *Workingma Wife* (Rainwater, Coleman and ndel), is one of the few exceptiono the rule. Regrettably, the stu is a product of market-research iology and, as such, its central pose is commercial rather than olarly; adding to this deficiency i total absence of statistics againwhich the reader may check cousions. Still, the study offers sominique and illuminating insights o this unknown woman:

¶Vitally dependent on r husband, emotionally and fncially, the workingman's wife is ined to see him as "insensitive a inconsiderate, sometimes teasir sometimes accusing, sometimevulgar, always potentially withhng affection." In their sexual lations, she often feels he treats as an "object for his own persogratification without the kind tenderness she so much wants.

¶Typically, the only rection she enjoys are TV and visits n neighbors and relatives.

¶She is largely alien ter husband's life and interests. Cn, when he goes off hunting and fng with the boys, she will not evehare his vacation. Unlike the middle-class woman, she tends to place "low priority on recreation and vacations as things on which to spend money." Restricted to the house, more than one out of three have "never learned to drive a car" and would be hard pressed to find recreational outlets away from home.

¶While the middle-class wife generally has intimate knowledge of her husband's job and working life, conceiving her main job to be that of hostess to his friends and business associates, the workingman's wife sometimes knows nothing about her husband's work — what he does or even where his job is located — and rarely thinks of herself as a means of advancing her husband's career through excellence as a hostess and "contact-maker."

¶The worker's wife is likely to view the world as chaotic and to feel she has no power to shape her own life or the course of civic or world events.

¶She is more emotional than the middle-class woman and has deep-seated fears of loneliness. She is also more altruistic: "pity and sympathy for the unfortunate are among the most readily experienced emotions." She is more willing to forgive others for the mistakes they make. "Doing for others — whether it be their own families or their friends — is a major motivation for the working-class woman."

¶She is much more discontented with her financial status than is the middle-class woman, and has little confidence in the economic future, believing that her family's fortunes are at the mercy of conditions which she cannot in any way control. "Working-class women manifest a clear case of depression phobia." She is very savings-conscious, and would, in an ideal budget, allot 40 per cent more to savings than would the middle-class woman.

¶She is firmly opposed to installment buying, but has no alternative. Two-thirds of those interviewed were in installment debt and feeling guilty about it.

¶Her taste runs to "modern" in everything; she values appliances and modern furniture more than a big house in a good neighborhood —

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"an expensive-looking house is vaguely frightening to these women"; many reject the idea of living near "substantial people" on the basis that they would feel uncomfortable around people who are "high toned" and "uppity."

¶In clothing, the middle-class woman prefers the "natural look" while the working-class woman's choice of accessories often gives her a kind of "dime-store appearance." Expenditures on her children, the study concludes, give the worker's wife greatest satisfaction; expenditures on clothing for themselves is the most satisfying to middle-class women.

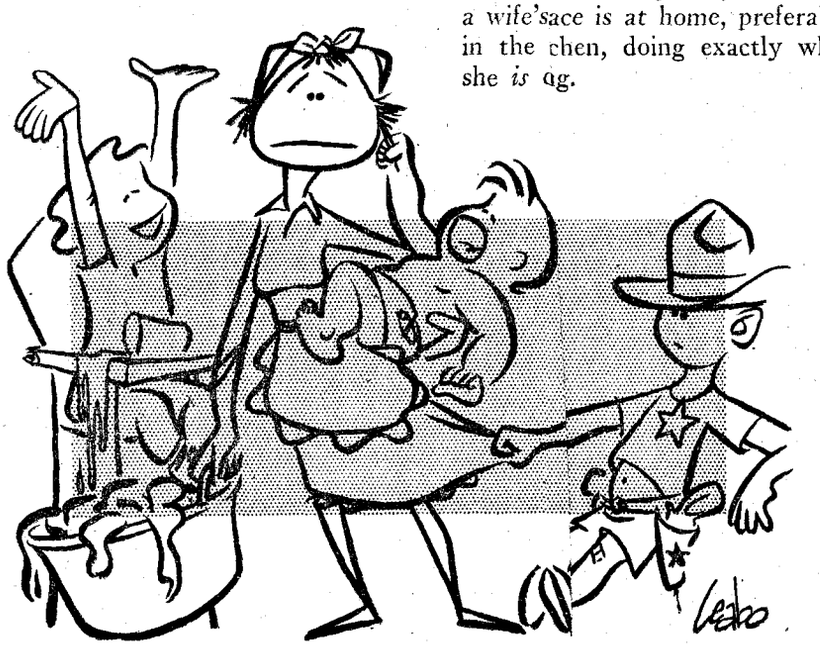
ORGANIZED labor, the group that touches her life most closely, has been grossly neglectful of the worker's wife.

Frequently, all the worker's wife knows about her husband's union is that it takes up a lot of his time, if he's active, and that it occasionally threatens to deprive her of the family paycheck. For her husband, the union can provide purpose and excitement; but while he is off attending a political-action caucus or a local, department or steering-committee meeting, she sits home, working and waiting, night after night, with only the TV, her kids and perhaps *True* magazine for company.

Only during strikes, when her support is a life-and-death issue, is any effort made to set up communications with her. In strikes at J. I. Case, Ford of Canada and elsewhere the disgruntled housewife — unmoved by union *élan*, uninformed about strike issues and without money to run her house — has sparked back-to-work movements. These efforts, lacking leadership and spirit, have usually failed, but the undercover effect of the non-union housewife on the holding power of her striking husband cannot be measured. Perhaps it is responsible for the settlement of many strikes short of victory.

Some union people feel that the worker's wife should be consulted before strike is called; after all, the strike affects her just as deeply and deeds as much on her for its success as it does on her husband. If her consent is needed to see the strike through, it should be solicited before the strike is called. Some women, of course, do not need selling; during almost every strike there are some other union wives who serve in the soup kitchens and around the local hall without solicitation. For some of these women, the strike serves an exciting relief from the monotony and the loneliness of their home routines.

Unionists, it is said, do not recruit union wives because they are too busy with other things. This oversight, however, is more than a matter of preoccupation, for the union man all too frequently feels that a wife's place is at home, preferably in the kitchen, doing exactly what she *is* doing.



Except among younger union members, who are perhaps more enlightened and who have not yet fallen into a pattern of conflict with their wives, there is evidence of out-and-out resistance to efforts to recruit her support. To bring women into active union life represents an invasion of the workingman's last guarded treasure: the masculine world, the world of work, protest, rebellion — his only "social club" where some would, if they could, hang up a sign as in exclusive bars, For Men Only.

The workingman, the union man, is threatened by inexorable social forces over which even his powerful union has no direct control: automation, unemployment, layoffs. His own pleasures are few enough, and his fears are great and growing. Threatened to the saturation point, he will often, in anger and impotence, strike back at his wife.

In one of the most sensitive areas of his life — politics — the worker is as distrustful of the woman voter as he is of the woman driver. He still thinks "the women" put in Ike. The truth is that his wife votes the same ticket he does, with only fractional deviations. *When Labor Votes* (Kornhauser, Sheppard and Mayer) suggests that, among union members, more men than women voted for Ike (26 per cent of men and only 19 per cent of women in the sample).

The truth is also, however, that these women often fail to cast any ballots at all on election day, simply because their voting strength has not been mobilized.

WHEN women's auxiliaries are organized in the local union (there are several hundred in the country), the union man will often complain about an invasion of jurisdiction. If the women work on political action, they are transgressing on the work of the union's political committee; if they delve into community problems, they are duplicating the function of the community-services committee. And so it goes.

In cases known to the writer, local officers have even insisted that successful political-action committees of union wives be broken up.

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Duplication of effort is the stated objection; the real explanations, perhaps, go deeper. Often when these women, with their bottled-up needs for expression, are let loose on an organization, they show an almost breathtaking eagerness for activity. Again, this kind of super-charged enthusiasm is threatening to men who have enough problems as it is.

These women, normally shy, even tongue-tied, in mixed meetings, very often lose all speech inhibitions in women's groups. On such occasions, they may even be more outspoken than their mates.

Also, because their approach to the labor union is less immediate, practical, job-centered than their husbands', they appear to be interested in a broader range of subjects. The underdeveloped nations, for example, are objects of real concern to the union wife — a product perhaps of her generous supply of "pity and sympathy for the unfortunate."

The final and most dangerous pitfall for the union wives' organizations is that, under pressure, these groups may become involved in local union elections. The result: headaches for the local and a misdirection of purpose for the wives.

None of these excuses are sufficient to justify the union's failure to mobilize the support and the enormous political potential of the union wife. The middle-class wife, through her frantic club activity, is an indispensable political support for her husband. Politically and otherwise, the workingman's wife is a cipher — a lonely, frightened, unhappy, frustrated cipher — and will remain so until the union, or some other group, decides that her potentials are worth exploiting.

On the political front, the Women's Activities Department of the AFL-CIO seems to be making some forward movement. On the research front, perhaps now that the market sociologists have begun to dig into the workingman's wife, other more disinterested scholars will continue the search.

FINISHING SCHOOL for PICKETS . . *by Howard Zinn*

Atlanta, Ga.

ONE QUIET afternoon some weeks ago, with the dogwood on the Spelman College campus newly bloomed and the grass close-cropped and fragrant, an attractive, tawny-skinned girl crossed the lawn to her dormitory to put a notice on the bulletin board. It read: Young Ladies Who Can Picket Please Sign Below.

The notice revealed, in its own quaint language, that within the dramatic revolt of Negro college students in the South today another phenomenon has been developing. This is the upsurge of the young, educated Negro woman against the generations-old advice of her elders: be nice, be well-mannered and ladylike, don't speak loudly, and don't get into trouble. On the campus of the nation's leading college for Negro young women — pious, sedate, encrusted with the traditions of gentility and moderation — these exhortations, for the first time, are being firmly rejected.

Spelman College girls are still "nice," but not enough to keep them from walking up and down, carrying picket signs, in front of two supermarkets in the heart of Atlanta. They are well-mannered, but this is somewhat tempered by a recent declaration that they will use every method short of violence to end segregation. As for staying out of trouble, they were doing fine until this spring, when fourteen of them were arrested and jailed by Atlanta police. The staid New England women missionaries who helped found Spelman College back in the 1880s would probably be distressed at this turn of events, and present-day conservatives in the administration and faculty are rather upset. But respectability is no longer respectable among young Negro women attending college today.

"You can always tell a Spelman girl," alumni and friends of the college have boasted for years. The "Spelman girl" walked gracefully, talked properly, went to church every Sunday, poured tea elegantly and, in general, had all the attributes of the product of a fine finishing school. If intellect and talent and social consciousness happened to develop also, they were, to an alarming extent, by-products.

This is changing. It would be an exaggeration to say: "You can always tell a Spelman girl — she's under arrest." But the statement has a measure of truth. Spelman girls have participated strongly in all of the major actions undertaken by students of the Atlanta University Center* in recent months. They have also added a few touches of their own and made white Atlanta, long proud that its nice Negro college girls were staying "in their place," take startled notice. A few weeks ago a Spelman student, riding downtown on the bus, took a seat up front. (This is still a daring maneuver, for in spite of a court decision desegregating the buses, most Negroes stay in the rear.) The bus driver muttered something unpleasant, and a white woman sitting near-

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*The Atlanta University Center is a loose federation of six privately supported Negro colleges in Atlanta: Morehouse College for men, Spelman College for women, Clark College, Morris College, Atlanta University (the graduate school), and the Interdenominational Theological Center. Spelman gets its name from the mother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller. The elder Rockefeller's money put Spelman on its feet.

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by waved her hand and said, "Oh, she's prob'ly goin' downtown to start another one o' them demonstrations."

The reputedly sweet and gentle Spelman girls were causing trouble even before the recent wave of sit-ins cracked the wall of legalism in the structure of desegregation strategy. Three years ago, they aroused the somnolent Georgia Legislature into near-panic by attempting to sit in the white section of the gallery. They were finally shunted into the colored area, but returned for the next legislative session. This time they refused to sit segregated and remained on their feet, in a pioneering show of non-violent resistance, until ordered out of the chamber.

THE MASSIVE, twelve-foot stone wall, barbed-wire fence and magnolia trees that encircle the Spelman campus have always formed a kind of chastity belt around the student body, not only confining young women to a semi-monastic life in order to uphold the ruling matriarchs' conception of Christian morality, but "protecting" the students from contact with the cruel outside world of segregation. Inside the domain of the Atlanta University Center, with its interracial faculty, occasional white students and frequent white visitors, there flourished a microcosm of the future, where racial barriers did not exist and one could almost forget this was the deep South. But this insulation, while protecting the University Center's island of integration, also kept the city of Atlanta for many years from feeling the barbed resentment of Negro students against segregation. Spelman girls, more sheltered than women at the other colleges, were among the first to leave the island and to begin causing little flurries of alarm in the segregated world outside.

Even before bus segregation in the city was declared illegal, some Spelman girls rode up front and withstood the glares and threats of fellow passengers and the abuse of the bus driver. Once, a white man pulled a knife from his pocket and waved it at a Spelman sophomore sitting opposite him in a front seat. She continued to sit there until she came to her stop, and then got off. Spelman students, along with others, showed up in the main Atlanta library in sufficient numbers last year to worry the city administration into a decision to admit Negroes there. The girls spent hours between classes at the county courthouse, urging Negroes to register for voting. They made a survey of the Atlanta airport in connection with a suit to desegregate the airport restaurant, and a Spelman student took the witness stand at the trial to help win the case.

Such activities may bring bewilderment to the conservative matri-

archy which has played a dominant role in the college's history, but they are nothing short of infuriating to the officialdom of the State of Georgia, ensconced inside the gold-domed Capitol just a few minutes' drive from the Negro colleges of the Atlanta University Center. Georgia's bespectacled but still near-sighted Governor Vandiver, who resembles a pleasant and studious junior executive until he begins to speak, began his current burst of hysteria when student leaders at the six Negro colleges put their heads together and produced a remarkable document which was placed as a full-page ad in the Atlanta newspapers on March 9 (and reprinted by *The Nation* on April 2). The document, entitled "An Appeal for Human Rights," catalogued Negro grievances with irritating specificity and promised to "use every legal and non-violent means at our disposal" to end segregation. Vandiver's reaction was immediate: the appeal was "anti-American" and "obviously not written by students." Furthermore, the Governor said: "It did not sound like it was prepared in any Georgia school or college; nor, in fact, did it read like it was written in this country." Actually, a Spelman student had written the first rough draft, and student leaders from the other five colleges collaborated in preparing the finished product.

ON THE sixth day after publication of the appeal, at 11:30 on a Tuesday morning, several hundred students from the Atlanta University Center staged one of the South's most carefully planned and efficiently executed sit-in demonstrations at ten different eating places, including restaurants in the State Capitol, the county courthouse and City Hall. Among the demonstrators were several carloads of Spelman students, riding into town that morning without the knowledge of deans or presidents or faculty, to participate in the sit-ins, tangle with the police and end up in prison.

Of the seventy-seven students arrested, fourteen were Spelmanites; and all but one of the fourteen were girls from the deep South, from places like Bennettsville, South Carolina; Bainbridge, Georgia; Ocala, Florida — the Faulknerian small towns of traditional Negro submissiveness.

The Atlanta *Constitution* and the *Journal* noted the remarkable discipline and orderliness of the demonstration. Perhaps their training came in handy; in prison, Spelman girls were perfect ladies. A Spelman honor student sat behind bars quietly reading C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters*, while flashbulbs popped around her.

The State of Georgia, however, reacted with a special vindictiveness. To the seventy-seven sit-inners, the Fulton County prosecutor has added the names of the six students who wrote and signed "An Appeal for Human Rights." All eighty-three are facing triple charges of breaching the peace, intimidating restau-

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rant owners and refusing to leave the premises, the penalties for which add up to nine years in prison and $6,000 in fines. The use of "conspiracy" charges to tie all eighty-three students to each of the ten eating places creates a theoretical possibility of ninety-year sentences. Nothing is fantastic in this state.

On May 17, to commemorate the 1954 Supreme Court decision, over a thousand students marched through downtown Atlanta to a mass meeting at the Wheat Street Baptist Church, while a hundred hastily summoned state troopers guarded the Capitol a few blocks away with guns, billy clubs and tear gas. The students were heavily armed with books and songs, and when they were assembled in the church sang, "That Old Ne-gro, He Ain't What He Used to Be!"

WHAT IS THE source of this new spirit which has angered the state administration and unsettled the old guardians of genteel passivity? There is something fundamental at work which is setting free for the first time the anger pent up in generations of quiet, well-bred Negro college women, not only at Spelman College, but at Fisk, Bennett, Alabama State and other institutions throughout the South. The same warm currents which are loosening the ice-blocks of the *status quo* throughout the world are drifting into the South and mingling with local eddies of discontent. What has been called a global "revolution in expectations" rises also in the hearts and minds of Southern Negroes.

Expanding international contacts are reaching even into small Southern colleges. The arrested Spelman girl from Bennettsville, South Carolina, spent last year in Geneva studying international relations, and spent the summer in Soviet Russia. The Atlanta student who helped draft the appeal had just returned from a year of studying music in Paris. Last September, two young African women, under the auspices of the militant Tom Mboya, flew in from Kenya to enroll at Spelman. The tame-sounding phrase "cultural exchange" may have revolutionary political implications.

Like many Negro campuses in the South, Spelman is losing its provincial air. This spring, the first white students came — five girls from Midwestern colleges who are the advance guard of a long-term exchange program. In the past few months there has been a sudden burgeoning of contact, both intellectual and social, with students from the half-dozen white colleges in Atlanta. Liberal Southern whites have joined the faculties of Spelman and Morehouse colleges. This growing interracial contact is helping to break down the mixture of awe-suspicion-hostility with which deep-South Negroes generally regard whites. And for Spelman, unexpressed but obvious pressure to adopt the manners and courtesies of white middle-class society breaks down as Spelman girls get a close look at how whites really behave.

THE NEW Spelman girl is having an effect on faculty and administrators. Many who were distressed and critical when they first learned their sweet young things were sitting behind bars, later joined in the applause of the Negro community and the nation at large. Spelman's President Albert Manley, who inherited the traditions of conservatism and moderation when he took the helm seven years ago, has responded with cautious but increasing encouragement to the boldness of his young women. At the college commencement exercises this year, Manley startled the audience by departing from the printed program and the parade of parting platitudes with a vigorous statement of congratulations to the senior class for breaking the "docile generation" label with its sit-ins, demonstrations and picketing.

Four years ago, a girl in my Western Civilization course spoke candidly and bitterly about her situation and that of her classmates. "When I was little," she said, "my mother told me: remember, you've got two strikes against you — you're colored, and you're a woman; one more strike and you're out — so be careful." The student continued: "That's the trouble with all these Spelman girls. They're careful. They hardly utter a peep. They do everything right, and obey the rules, and they'll be fine ladies some day. But I don't want to be that kind of a lady. I'm leaving at the end of the semester and going back up North."

I don't know where that student is today. She would have graduated with this class on Commencement Day, with students who marched and picketed and sat-in and were arrested, and will soon come up for trial. I wish she had stayed to see.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

anti-segregationists," perhaps — and sees those who joined more recently when the struggle was less unpopular as the "normal" ones, he is indeed being far more revealing of his own attitudes than the events he tries to interpret.

Finally, his report on the activities around the tragic Chessman case is simply false. For months before most students were even aware of Chessman, thousands of people "over thirty-five" not only understood what was at stake, but took action. . . . Far from being a movement started by students, it was one which was brought to them, and which they joined with heartening determination in the latter days of the unsuccessful campaign. To deny this fact in order to prove what cannot possibly be proved, namely, his theory of spontaneity, is to do inestimable disservice to the principles Mr. Rexroth proclaims his own.

In your introduction to his article, you describe Mr. Rexroth as ". . . one of the earliest 'senior' supporters of the Beat movement . . . [who] . . . has since become, in certain respects, one of its sternest critics." Could it be that now, with the fast-receding sound of the Beat, Mr. Rexroth is attempting to transfer his "senior support," or father-image, from Beatnik to Youthnik?

With a reservation of course: the movement must be "spontaneous." As a theory of history it may be challenged, but does it not have an even greater virtue? Isn't it "safe"? One can't be accused of any kind of association, since spontaneity is related to nothing — except, of course, the poetic spirit. Ah, safety at last for all — even for "senior supporters."

LESTER COLE

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Truth and Laughter

A Theory of Wit and Humor

Vivian Mercier

SINCE 1953, I've spent a good part of my spare time researching for and writing a book on the Irish comic tradition. Seven years may seem a long time to spend on such a topic, but if I had paused to decide exactly what constitutes the difference between wit and humor, I should still be at the first page rather than in sight of the last. Like most people who have enough education to make the distinction, I just assume that I can tell at a glance whether a remark is witty or humorous. Probably nine out of ten of my off-the-cuff judgments would be accepted by the average reader of this article. But if he and I tried to produce mutually acceptable definitions of "wit" and "humor," we'd soon become imbedded in a semantic morass.

For instance, the dictionary which I usually rely on discriminates between wit and humor on the basis of emotional tone: "humor," it says, "connotes kindliness, geniality, sometimes even pathos" in its expression "and a reaction of sympathetic amusement from the audience," whereas "wit" is associated with "quick, sharp, spontaneous, often sarcastic remarks." This distinction sounds plausible enough until the next time one has occasion to use the phrase "macabre humor"; where are "kindliness, geniality . . . pathos" to be found in *that*? There is such a thing as macabre wit, of course, but I shouldn't call the typical Charles Addams joke witty. And most of the new "sick" jokes I would classify as humor, either macabre or grotesque. The dictionary's theory may be of some use in discussing British humor, but it seems quite inadequate to deal with a quantity of Irish, Jewish, or just plain American comic material which is definitely not witty and just as emphatically not genial.

Another widely accepted criterion for discrimination between the two terms insists that wit appeals to the intellect, humor to the emotions. This gains support from the history of the two English words, since "wit" was once synonymous with "intellect," while "humor" can to this day mean "temperament" or "mood."

The two theories just sketched seem to be the oldest and most respected; of the two, I favor the second, which Addison developed in *The Spectator,* though I disagree with him strongly on one point. Actually, after seven years' immersion in the problem, I advocate still a third theory, which discriminates between wit and humor on the basis of truth and falsehood, much as Freud did when he was discussing the formal difference between them, not their common source in the unconscious. Max Eastman, in *The Sense of Humor,* put the theory more concisely than I think Freud himself ever managed to do in *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious*: "In order to place it in the higher species of humor, which Freud calls 'wit,' the *sense* of a jest as well as the nonsense must have value." As this quotation shows, Eastman himself took little stock in attempts to distinguish wit from humor — a respectable attitude, which has the advantage of avoiding all sorts of semantic contortions.

OVERSIMPLIFIED, Mercier's Hypothesis would run like this: "Wit is always absurd and true, humor absurd and untrue." (Irony, similarly defined, is plausible and untrue.)

In other words, paradox is basic to wit. When an Oscar Wilde character says, "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," the remark momentarily sounds contradictory and therefore nonsensical; then we discriminate between the synonyms "price" and "value" and see the point. This kind of discrimination requires an intellectual effort unnecessary to the appreciation of humor and also produces the element of surprise which Addison thought essential to wit. Irony, in the basic sense of saying one thing and meaning another, demands an even more complex intellectual response than wit does: wit confronts us with a patent absurdity and asks that we make sense of it, whereas really subtle irony can easily be mistaken for the literal truth.

Humor, on the other hand, remains absurd from start to finish. My dictionary defines "absurd" as "clearly untrue or unreasonable, and therefore laughable, ridiculous," etc. In actual fact, alas, the unreasonable is often far from being untrue, but for humorous purposes the two become identical. Sometimes we would prefer to describe a humorous remark as exaggerated rather than untrue, but, as any fisherman will admit, exaggeration is the commonest form of lying. The typical response of someone with a poor sense of humor to a joking remark is, "Surely that can't be true?" Take the story of the three hermits, the Gaelic of which suggests that it was current before 1200 A.D. (for all I know, it may occur in Latin or Sanskrit, too): after they had been living in the wilderness for a year, one of them said, "It's a good life we have here"; after another year, the second replied, "Good, indeed"; after a further year, the third said, "If you fellows don't shut up, I'm going back to civilization." On the face of it, this story is untrue; the third hermit's remark is patently unreasonable, too; still, one could argue that the story is true to the spirit of the ascetic life, which it merely exaggerates to an incredible degree; viewed from any of these three standpoints, the humor of the story still raises the issue of truth and falsehood, or at any rate of credibility.

I must admit that denying the truth of humor implies a challenge to some powerful adversaries. According to the genealogy supplied by Addison, Truth was the great-grandfather and Good Sense the grandfather of Humor; this makes a bastard of Irish Humor, which has nothing of Good Sense in its composition. According to Max Eastman, both Aristophanes and Charlie Chaplin have insisted on their own truthfulness. In an interview with Eastman, Chaplin said of his audiences, "I make them *conscious of life.* 'You think this is it, don't you?' I say, 'well, it isn't, but *this* is, see?' And then they laugh."

There is a grain of truth in the Chaplin view: the humorist does work with materials from life, but he usually heightens and exaggerates them to the point where they are just barely recognizable. Life is ugly and terrifying at times, as we all know, but the whole point of

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macabre and grotesque humor is to present life as even more ugly and terrifying than in fact it is. Our laughter at such humor is in part motivated by a feeling of relief that things aren't, thank goodness, quite *that* bad. Maybe I'm a Pollyanna, but I think this response accounts for the popularity of sick jokes more often than the release they give to feelings of repressed hostility. The humor typical of armies and boarding schools the world over depends on wild exaggeration of real hardships; I saw a pre-World War II couplet somewhere that epitomizes the attitude:

I like G.I. biscuits, like 'em mighty fine—
One rolled off the table and killed a pal of mine.

There is another fairly important distinction between wit and humor that the standard writers on the subject don't pay enough attention to: wit is more purely verbal (and thus again more intellectual) than humor. I can't think of an uncaptioned cartoon or a sequence in a silent movie that one could fairly describe as witty. Furthermore, to deny that puns are witty or to describe them as the lowest form of wit seems to me completely wrongheaded. I doubt whether wit can exist without some kind of play on words. This is where I quarrel with Addison, who takes the usual dim view of the pun. To see if he lives up to his own program, let's look at his example of a witty simile: ". . . when a Poet tells us that the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit." To say that a bosom is as white as snow isn't witty, of course, because it lacks absurdity; the statement is at once recognized as objectively verifiable. On the other hand, anyone who owns a clinical thermometer can prove, if the poet and/or the mistress consents to the experiment, that her bosom is no colder than that of any other human being. Only when the metaphorical meanings of "bosom" ("seat of the affections") and "cold" ("unemotional") are considered does the poet's absurd statement become "true." Thus "bosom" and "cold" are puns; the play on these two words makes an objectively absurd remark metaphorically true. Not all puns are witty, but perhaps all witty remarks are in this sense puns.

The world's unwittiest puns are to be found in children's magazines; one little horror from my youth runs like this: "When is a door not a door? When it's a jar (ajar)." This isn't witty because it isn't true: no door ever was or will be a jar. Many of the puns in *Finnegans Wake* are of the same kind, but many others are witty. When Joyce writes "viragos intactas," he implies that many a *virgo intacta* is also a virago; perhaps being intact is the very thing which makes the virgin a virago.

ONE final point: unconscious humor turns up every day in the behavior of people who take themselves very seriously, but can we also speak of unconscious wit? Freud, if I understand him correctly, would say yes; from his point of view even our dreams can be witty. Having laid so much stress on the intellectual nature of wit, I'm not sure that I ought to agree with him. Still, it cannot be denied that unthinking comments may show the same formal characteristics as deliberate witticisms. The so-called "Irish bull" at its best can be astonishingly witty. Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament just before the Union with Great Britain in 1801, gave utterance to several bulls that would have won any other man vast reputation as a wit. According to Sir Jonah Barrington, it was Sir Boyle who made this brilliant remark, in a debate on taxation: "I would ask the honorable gentleman . . . why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity, for what has *posterity* done for *us*?" Barrington tells us that Roche was puzzled by the laugh which followed this remark and tried to clarify matters, saying that "by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Obviously the second remark was so nonsensical a blunder as to be barely humorous, even, but the first contained a truth that has great appeal for politicians of all eras.

Not all bulls are Irish; a famous English one occurs in the King James Bible, describing the miraculous annihilation of an Assyrian army: "and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." This is merely absurd, whereas Barrington says of Roche, "He seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted." Provost Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, must have had this fact in mind when he coined the genuinely witty (because "true") definition of an Irish bull, "a male animal which is always pregnant" —itself a bull.

Ruminations of a Miscast Artist

THE DIARY OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. Edited by Willard Bissell Pope. Vol. 1 (1808-1815). 495 pp. Vol. II (Feb. 1815-Oct. 1816). 553 pp. Harvard University Press. $20 set.

Horace Gregory

IN 1846, the year of her elopement and marriage with Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett wrote on hearing news of Benjamin Haydon's death by suicide: "Poor Haydon!" She was profoundly shocked, all the more so because Haydon, the famous painter, had tried to engage her as editor of his *Autobiography* and *Journals*, and on Browning's advice, she had refused. "Poor Haydon," indeed! Her exclamation of pity was painfully inadequate, for the circumstances leading to his suicide stirred emotions of futile passion and terror. His true "genius" was histrionic and that of a writer; his talents (deflected by astigmatism and myopia) for painting were both clumsy and color blind; the more fortunate of his laborious attempts at art were almost accidental and inspired by a literary imagination. He learned these hard facts far too late. He had driven himself through daylight wilds of paranoia and bankruptcy — his loyal wife and family floundered with him — and suddenly his magnificent courage broke. His daughter found him with a bullet through his head and his throat slashed.

Benjamin Haydon (1786-1846) was and is still archetypical of the walking, talking painter: of the artist, whatever his medium may be, who is theory-ridden, who mistakes a display of energy for accomplishment, who "talks out" his subject, his schemes, his plans to his admirers, to museum directors, to journalists, to bankers or (more recently) to staff members of foundations that have earmarked sums of money for the arts. He advances arguments in the cause of vast "principles" at stake and, at times, is self-deceived in not knowing that the art which he advances is his own. Yet few possess the vortex-like, inward-drawing fascinations of Benjamin Haydon. One knows the outcome of his story is melodrama. One is re-

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pelled by it, repelled by his paranoia, his dogmatism, his reiterations in the cause of a thoroughly outmoded school of British historical mural painting. He can be — was and is — a crashing bore. But the very magnitude of his self-deceptions, never petty, never mean, the sound (on paper) of his enthusiasms, his despairs, his self-promoted partnership with God, forces unwilling readers to turn the page and to go on reading. In describing his humiliations on entering a pawnbroker's shop, he is Dickensesque, and so is his description of a mock election for a Member of Parliament in a debtors' prison. He does not write to please or charm; obviously he kept his *Diary* — strong medicine at best — for posterity's sake.

Haydon wrote in a great age of diary-keeping. Preceding it was Boswell's *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson* (1785), and Haydon admired Boswell. The example set by Rousseau's *Confessions* had shaken the air. Sir Walter Scott kept journals, so did Dorothy Wordsworth, so did Greville (who is second only to Boswell), so did Farington — the list could be extended to a long one — but in a hierarchy of the best among English writers, Boswell stands first and Haydon third. In the Romantic age, Haydon's *Diary* occupies an essential and important position: through it we enter the London world of Keats, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Hazlitt (all of whom Haydon knew well), the world of British periodical Liberalism. With a searing, red-eyed glare, Haydon saw the weaknesses of Hunt and Hazlitt. He also saw the ultimate merits of Keats and Wordsworth. Miscast as a painter and propagandist for the value of Lord Elgin's Marbles, Haydon was a supreme critic of life, men and literature — only himself he could not save; he was doomed to a histrionic martyrdom.

HAYDON'S forty-two-year war against authority with a capital "A" began when he left his father's printing firm in Plymouth and came up to London to enroll as an art student under Fuseli at the Royal Academy. He overrode his father's distrust of his talents with the same vigor that later he turned against Fuseli's awareness of his defective vision. Since portrait painting was the cherished standard of "art" in the Academy, Haydon soon found himself at war against that authority. All his life he was never aware that his huge designs for historical murals owed their true inspiration to Fuseli's spectacular drawings — but without Fuseli's technical facility. Haydon's conception of painting was completely literary. With the one exception of David Wilkie, the Scots genre painter, his friends were poets, essayists and journalists. He was literally blind to the work of his two great contemporaries in painting, John Constable and William Turner. Yet the fact that his interests were so trenchantly literary made it easy for him to approach statesmen, wealthy bankers — even the Prince Regent, "Prinny" — who were of like mind. His eloquence also made a logical appeal to tradesmen, tailors, grocers, landlords, all assisting him with small loans and limitless (so it seemed) credit. His walks around London on Monday mornings were a routine of paying off small debts and making greater loans. In pacing through the town, he met everyone worth meeting; all were forced to hear of the progress of his huge canvases, so large he could not rest them on an easel. They crowded his rooms from floor to ceiling, and at them he would "dash," energetic as ever for several hours — then, merely half-exhausted, rush out to tell his progress to the world.

He applied the same energy to dreams of "sinful" women — which he made conscious effort to reject — and was not at peace until he found his "dearest Mary," a young widow, whose loyalty, cheerfulness and patience make her a heroine far beyond the imagined ideals of the Victorian novelists. She was undoubtedly impressed by the energy Haydon displayed so lavishly, his flow of misquotations from Shakespeare, his studies in Italian, his examples drawn from Plutarch. With these and his lively presence, she weathered the pawning of new dresses he bought for her, the birth of children, the debtors' prison. His histrionics were the center of her stage; she was assured of never a dull moment. His suicide (on one of his dreaded Monday mornings) — after the London public had shown more interest in an exhibition of Tom Thumb than in one of his huge paintings shown next door — brought a government fund for Mary at the request of the kindly Sir Robert Peel.

Haydon has been extremely fortunate in his posthumous publications. Immediately following his death, Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, edited a popular (for Victorians) version of Haydon's *Autobiography* and *Journals*. Professor Pope's re-editing of Haydon's *Diary*, a monumental task of transcription from "dashed"-down penmanship, presents a definitive version, unexpurgated of Haydon's sexual desires, dreams and ruminations on theories of painting. The present two volumes comprise about half the work. The completed *Diary* will probably not change the familiar graph of Haydon's remarkable career, yet its publication should remind us that no serious interpretation of the Romantic movement in England can be made valid without reference to it.

"Just what is the trouble with love?"

she asked. He referred her to a collection of poems, some delicate, some frank, all dealing with the various facets of a many-faceted subject: love. She could buy it at any bookstore — for $3.50

The Trouble with Love

by Eve Merriam

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris

THE BRECHT plays I saw here were *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, written in exile in 1941 and first presented in Berlin (after Brecht's death) in 1959; *The Mother* (written in 1932), an adaptation of Maxim Gorky's novel; *Galileo Galilei*, written in exile in 1939 and presented posthumously in Berlin in 1957; and finally, *Mother Courage and Her Children*, also written in exile and first presented by the Berlin Ensemble in 1949.

Arturo Ui is an epic caricature of the rise of Adolf Hitler and his gang. The word is used advisedly: Brecht has set

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his play in a mythical American city and Ui is the head of a band of petty crooks in the cauliflower racket. All the events and personalities connected with Hitler's rise to power — Hindenburg, Goering, Goebbels, Roehm, Dolfuss, the Reichstag fire and trial, the occupation of Austria—have their absurd counterparts in this panoramic farce.

Though the parallels between the episodes of the play and their historical sources are quite obvious, Brecht has the factual political items which he wishes us to recall projected on a screen at the beginning of each scene. Since the play was revived after the war, Brecht's last commentary is appended after the final curtain: "You are learning to see instead of merely watching stupidly. Act instead of gossiping. See what almost dominated the world. The people finally won. But none should proclaim victory too readily. The womb from which the vile monster issued is still fertile."

The "lesson" of the play is made explosively graphic and vastly comic in Brecht's treatment, and more particularly in the brilliant production directed by two of Brecht's disciples. Of incalculable value is the virtuoso performance by one of the company's younger actors, Ekkehard Schall, who plays Ui-Hitler as a maniacal neurotic, a trembling hysteric obsessed by fear of his own inferiority and an even more violent revulsion against this fear. From a spastic stammer to mad eloquence, the creature Schall projects with an energy which at times mounts to sheer acrobatics, is unforgettably convulsive. One scene especially, in which Hitler is coached by a ham actor on how to pose and speak, is deliriously funny.

I shocked my critic friends here by saying that in a certain sense the production of *The Mother* was even a more remarkable feat than than of *Arturo Ui*. They were shocked because *Arturo Ui* is, if nothing else, tremendous entertainment, full of invention and scenic ingenuity. What I meant was that *The Mother*, which is rather primitive Communist propaganda telling the simple tale of a transformation of an illiterate Russian woman of the working class to a heroic figure of the revolutionary movement from 1905 to 1917, is presented with such muted power, such quiet humor, such fine songs rendered inspiringly brave by Hanns Eisler's music, such grave conviction communicated not only in the acting of Helene Weigel (Brecht's widow and the head of the Ensemble), but also in the stark staging. The staging, for all its bareness, manages to attain a sculptural and pictorial distinction which conveys in its very shape, color and composition something of the earthy strength of which the play is a poem of praise and an example.

I need not dwell on *Mother Courage* —I wrote about it when I first saw it in Berlin in 1957—except to say that it impressed me even more this time. It is probably the finest of Brecht's achievements, a masterpiece of modern stagecraft in all its aspects.

THE PLAY and production which most strongly stamped on my mind a sense of Brecht's great stature as an artist of the theatre was *Galileo,* for which Erich Engel is credited with the direction. I believe, however, the first steps were undertaken by Brecht himself, who died in 1956 while the play was still in the early stage of study.

I had seen *Galileo* in the 1947 Hollywood-New York production with Charles Laughton in the leading role and, though Brecht had supervised it (Joe Losey was the director), that production gave only the faintest notion of its possibilities as a stage piece. Whether due to lack of means or to a misunderstanding of Brechtian aesthetics which recommend a certain asceticism, it looked almost shabby. But a careful reading of the play (which takes place in Florence, Venice and Rome in the seventeenth century) shows that its physical presentation calls for opulence within that asceticism. This is fully realized in Casper Neher's all-bronze setting—a stroke of genius by this master designer—where scenes of poverty and of pomp, interiors and exteriors are all equally at home.

Galileo is the story of the struggle of reason against superstition and the forces which maintain superstition in order to hold the reins of social power. On the surface, both the thesis and the play's points appear too simple. But Brecht's simplicity is artful. He presents the case for the hierarchy, cannily aware of the dangers of Galileo's proof of the Copernican "heresy" — that the earth moves around the sun and not vice versa —with skill and something like sympathy. Indeed, when the court philosopher asks Galileo, "Are such stars [that Galileo has just discovered] really necessary?" the audience here seemed to turn against Brecht, for many laughed and applauded, thinking no doubt of our recent lunar expeditions and the fear they somehow inspire in many of us.

Galileo is entirely contemporary in view of the events of our atomic age and in relation to certain problems of conscience. When Galileo, in fear of torture by the Inquisition, retracts his theories,

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his most devoted pupil in an admirable scene cries out, "Unhappy the country which has no heroes!" to which Galileo retorts, "No. Unhappy is the country which needs a hero!"

But this is not Brecht's last word. At another point, Galileo admits that he ought not to be forgiven his betrayal; his fear of pain is no excuse. Is the search for the truth, then, everything? Science, he says, must be concerned not only with its own findings, but with their consequences. There are thus two battles or fields of struggle. The play ends with the admonition, "Protect the flame of knowledge, use but do not abuse it lest one day a whirlwind of fire consume us all."

This was not Brecht's first ending and there is evidence throughout the play that Brecht kept revising it to keep abreast of the various mutations of his thought and conscience (in one version, Galileo's defection was more or less rationalized). Here then is a play by an intellectual which is subtle, lucid, full of meat yet easily digested by a wide audience, a play which eschews "excitement" and yet remains dramatic.

There are two supreme moments of staging in this production which exemplify what I have previously written about the Berlin Ensemble. One is a scene, largely pantomimic, in which the rabble in the square and passing priests around a strict procession reveal the popular effect of Galileo's inquiries. It is a comic scene—pure theatre—but its message of how the ferment of ideas manifests itself in ordinary social behavior is made indelibly picturesque. Another is the scene in which the Inquisitor attempts to persuade the Pope to put Galileo on the wrack. The Pope is being dressed. When the scene begins, he is in his underwear: he is the "naked" man—honest and forebearing. But as the talk proceeds and ever more of his ecclesiastical robes are dropped on the Pope's body, he becomes increasingly "institutional" until, at the final moment, he stands in princely glory and orders that Galileo be "shown the instruments."

THE QUIET familiarity of Ernst Busch's *Galileo,* just as does Helene Weigel's two "Mothers," typifies Brecht's manner and content. Brecht is a poet of classic character. He wished his work to have the authority of an objective statement which needs no stress beyond a simple grace of speech, no "art" beyond the most engaging directness, no "passion" greater than that which the truth will elicit. His technique is a reasonableness which arises when a smiling skepticism sets out in quest of a small area of certainty. This, he hopes, will prove charmingly self-evident. Not wholly in vain did Brecht claim the Chinese and Japanese among his artistic ancestors.

What does Brecht ultimately say? Trust what your senses experience, what your mind has weighed and what your most fundamental human instincts dictate. Act with your fellow men in the name of what you have all tested and found to be needful to your life in common. Seek always, do not allow yourself to grow rigid at any point, and let your goal be the peaceful enjoyment of the goods of life.

From all the contradictions of Brecht's nature, his irony and his radicalism, his homely earthiness and his "peasant" cunning, his culture and folksy common sense, there emerges something that may very well be that ineffable quality: manly virtue.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE PICTURE that Richard Brooks has made from a section of *Elmer Gantry* is lusty storytelling and an entertaining trip into Americana. I read the Lewis novel so long ago that I have forgotten its details, but I remember it as being more rancid than this almost wholesome film. It may be that Brooks has concentrated on a segment of relatively sunny narrative.

As here shown, Gantry's attitude toward religion is no doubt excessively pragmatic—prayer is good for what ails you, like a hot bath after a lurid night; and there is a living to be made from bringing sinners to Jesus—but in his dealings with individuals he is neither hypocritical nor insensitive. Burt Lancaster, an extrovert even among actors, makes him an ingenious rogue, as though he had been written by Bret Harte rather than Sinclair Lewis.

Sharon Falconer, the girl-preacher of the love of God with whom Gantry serves his revivalist apprenticeship, is a more serious case because she has faith. It strikes me as an implausibility in the movie that she suffers no remorse from having tumbled behind the tent with the unregenerate Elmer, but it is true that a woman who really believes that God's protecting arm makes local fire regulations superfluous is a danger to any community she enters. In this case she pays for her temerity with her life, but so do a lot of other people who didn't know the trappings were inflammable. Sister Falconer's principal message is that God makes you happy—a creed that at least does no harm—but she also goes in for faith healing, the cruelest of all the forms of induced hysteria. All in all, Sharon Falconer is a frightening figure, and the brisk, efficient prettiness with which Jean Simmons plays her gives the film its bite.

Elmer Gantry is an expensive, full-color production, but Brooks has directed it with taste and an interest in detail. The Philistinism of George Babbitt (Edward Andrews) is perhaps laid on like plaster, and Jim Lefferts, the agnostic reporter (Arthur Kennedy), is probably too much a cliché Mencken to figure so prominently in the story, but otherwise the supporting personalities are lively and credible, and the corn-belt background of the 1920s feels authentic.

Hollywood's morale is as low today as it has ever been. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that it can produce a picture that deals with religion in terms other than chariot races and the sex life of Old Testament notables. If it succeeds at the box office, *Elmer Gantry* might encourage the studios to delay a little the final capitulation to TV.

THE IRONY that lies so lightly on *Elmer Gantry* bites deep in *The Threepenny Opera,* the Brecht-Weill-Pabst movie of 1931, which Thomas Brandon, the film importer, has so remarkably reconstructed from fragments of prints and negatives overlooked by the Nazi culture-burners. This picture was freely adapted from the stage work that was the greatest product of the Brecht-Weill collaboration. In places—particularly in the added bank scenes that provide the film with a new ending—it veers toward Brecht's *Threepenny Novel;* compared with the Marc Blitzstein version that has been playing for years at the Theatre de Lys in New York, it seems complex and politically insistent. It is, no doubt, a product of German communism, and yet to call it Communist gives now entirely the wrong impression. For *The Threepenny Opera* is irreverent, witty and, for all its wry cynicism, good-humored. It expresses in every gesture a humane individuality that is today the antithesis of communism. The film goes

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a considerable way to answer the now-puzzling question of why artists and intellectuals once enlisted in such numbers in the Communist crusade. There was a time when the creative energy of the extreme Left obscured the fact that the future of the movement lay with the bureaucrats of terror.

The Threepenny Opera is still brilliant entertainment. Except for Lotte Lenya, the names of the players will not be familiar, but Rudolph Forster as Macheath, Fritz Rasp as Peachum, Ernst Busch as the street singer, Reinhold Schunzel as Tiger Brown and Carola Neher as Polly were all superb satirists, and they were directed with an elegantly calculated exaggeration. Lotte Lenya's Jenny is, of course, legendary.

Pabst could be the most Germanically realistic of directors, but here he used the street singer as his key and danced his cast through a stage-set London as though he were composing a ballet. The action never stops, one scene impels another, the story is in the fluent bodies of the actors (though Herman Weinberg's subtitles are both discreet and wittily in character). A biting contempt for sham, edged always with self-mockery, is the mood of *The Threepenny Opera*. We ourselves live in a time of such dejected conformity that this acid lampoon of hypocritical propriety seems like a shower to make the desert bloom.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This article completes Mr. Grosser's survey of the museums of the Middle West.

OF ALL THE museums of the Middle West, the Chicago Art Institute is by far the most splendid. Along with the New York Metropolitan, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and the National Gallery in Washington, it is one of the four great museums of our country. It is also one of the country's largest and most reputable art schools. And, as a matter of record, it was as an art school that it began.

A year after the Civil War, a group of Chicago art students organized a school for themselves. It must have had enormous vitality and fanatical support, for it endured through the Chicago fire which destroyed its equipment, and through the panic of 1879 which did away with its entire assets. In 1882, it was re-established under the name of the Art Institute of Chicago, this time as both an art school and a museum. An impressive building in the Romanesque style of the architect Richardson was built to house it. And though it still operated principally as an art school, it began to acquire a collection, consisting for the most part of plaster casts from the antique for the use of drawing classes. At the end of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, another much more suitable building became available—a large, well-built Italian Renaissance palace made for the Fair to house the World's Congress of Religions. The Institute took it over (the original building on Michigan Avenue now houses the Chicago Club), and at that point began its serious career as a museum.

In this transformation, the famous Mrs. Potter Palmer was a leading spirit. Beautiful, rich and cultivated, she was the brightest star of Chicago's social life. There still hangs in the Institute a dashing portrait of her, by Zorn, in white with pearls and wand and diadem, as fairy queen for a costume ball. Her own family had French connections. She knew Europe well and followed European fashions so closely that already in the seventies she was buying Barbizon pictures and by the eighties had gone in for Impressionism. Having been president of the *Lady Manageresses* of the Exposition, she was particularly interested in the new museum and supported it with money, time and donations of pictures. Her lead was followed by her son who was the principal contributor to the Institute's collection of old-master prints.

CHICAGO was then full of enthusiastic collectors. There were the Martin Ryersons who, with exceptional taste, were collecting even in the early 1900s Impressionist pictures and Italian primitives, and who contributed to the Institute, among other things, the great six-panel Giovanni di Paolo. There was the McCormick-Deering family, friends of Sargent, who had a castle in Spain and who collected Spanish primitives. There was Arthur Jerome Eddy, the lawyer, who went to Europe in 1895, where he was painted by Whistler and modeled by Rodin, who bought the Institute's Kandinskys from the Armory Show and who in 1914 wrote the first book in America on Modern Art. There was Henry Field, brother of Marshall Field, who gave the Institute its then most popular picture—Jules Breton's *Song of the Lark*. (The most popular picture today is Renoir's *Two Little Circus Girls.)* There were the Frederic Bartletts who collected Lautrec, Van Gogh, Cézanne and donated Seurat's *chef d'oeuvre, La Grande Jatte;* and Mrs. Lewis Coburn who lived in a hotel room and specialized in Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, which she kept in closets and under the bed. There were the Buckinghams, two maiden ladies and their brother Clarence, who bought Chinese bronzes, Japanese prints, Medieval sculpture and old masterprints; and the Charles Worcesters who as friends of the director, Robert Harshe, bought under his direction whatever the Institute needed, from High Renaissance to Vuillard; and Joseph Winterbotham, a man of impeccable taste, who furnished the Institute with, among other things, Lautrec's *In the Cirque Fernando: The Ringmaster* and Chagall's *Rabbi of Vitebsk*; the Spragues who bought from the Havermeyers the great Greco *Assumption* which Mary Cassatt had found for them in Spain and which the Havermeyers let go because it was too big for their house; the Kimballs, Brewsters, Mungers, Wallers and many more, all vying to supply the institution with pictures.

The resulting collections are too rich even to attempt to describe. I will pass over the Oriental collection which contains among other things some 8,000 Japanese prints, and only mention in passing the Thorne collection of miniature rooms—sixty-seven American and European period interiors, microscopically complete even to the landscape outside the windows—and go on to the paintings. The Institute is particularly rich in German and Flemish works. To mention only a few outstanding examples, there is the famous *Adam and Eve* of Cranach; a Jerome Bosch *Garden of Paradise* with fantastic grotto and fountain, as fine as anything outside the Prado; a beautiful portrait of a *Man with a Pink* by Quentin Massys; and a young girl looking through an open half-door, undoubtedly one of the best Rembrandts in America.

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ceptional Tintoretto of Venus and Mars, with Cupid, serving girl and the Graces in attendance; a Florentine burgher by Ghirlandaio, probably the best portrait of his in the country; and four extraordinary scenes from *Jerusalem Delivered* by, I would imagine, Giovanni Domenico rather than Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. The most popular picture here by far is a large and handsome work of Caravaggio's school—a furious Mars, his arm upraised to thrash naked and blindfolded Cupid, flat on the ground and howling. Among the Spanish pictures there is a most unusual and beautiful Velásquez of a Moorish boy-servant with downcast head in white turban, waiting, pitcher in hand, behind the counter of an inn; and six small Goyas which recount in comic-book sequence how young Fray Pedro got the best of the bandit Maragato.

French painting begins with a sixteenth-century portrait of a man with a glove by Corneille de Lyon which might be mistaken for Degas. There is, what many museums claim and few possess, a real Poussin — *St. John on Patmoss. The White Tablecloth* is the best Chardin still life I have ever seen. Nineteenth-century painting has complete representation and includes admirable pictures by painters like Fromentin and Millet, today generally considered negligible.

IT IS in Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, however, that the Institute astonishes. Its collection is very likely the finest outside the *Jeu de Paume* Museum in Paris. Here is the best of Mary Cassatt—a woman in striped dress bathing a child; and the best of Berthe Morisot—a woman in silvery gray at her toilet table. The Manets are numerous—eleven or twelve of them—but to my taste too much in his Velásquez-inspired salon style. On the other hand, there is a room of admirable Degas, twelve of them including the almost Japanese *Millinery Shop* and the vivid double portraits of *Uncle and Niece* and *Mme. Lisle and Mme. Loubens.* There is a room of Renoirs; a room of Monets—which is, however, only half of what the Institute owns; the best and biggest Lautrecs; some of the best Matisses; seven or eight Cézannes and six astonishing Gauguins including the portrait of Marie Derrien with, as background, the Cézanne still life Gauguin owned. One must not forget Douanier Rousseau's jungle *Cascade,* or the most famous item of all, Seurat's *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte.* The twentieth-century School of Paris is equally well represented with Braques, Picassos, Brancusis, Soutines, Derains, and the rest.

American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting is completely displayed, often with better works than one had thought their painters capable of—as for example, the *Third Beach, Newport* by Kensett, the *Corn Husking Bee* by Eastman Johnson, the luminous blue *Gloucester* of Twatchman, and the dark and brooding *Mrs. Charles Gifford Dyer* by Sargent. The Institute's collection of Innesses I did not see; some of the galleries were then being rehung. But there were other things to compensate, including a sardonically detailed plucked chicken by Harnett, every pimple there, entitled *For Sunday's Dinner.*

AS FOR twentieth-century American, the collection contains all the most publicized pictures of our time from Grant Wood's *American Gothic,* Peter Blume's *The Rock,* Jack Levine's courtroom scene, *The Trial,* and Albright's sinister still life of a hand-held bouquet before an embossed tin door, down to the "name" non-objective painters.

Curiously, all through this trip I have been hearing complaints from museum people about the non-objectives. In Detroit I was told that their painting grounds and pigments were for the most part either of bad quality or badly handled, that the pictures were rapidly deteriorating and would be impossible to restore. At Kansas City, the complaint was rather of their size: that the cost for keeping an average-size picture on the wall — figuring the expenses of guards, museum maintenance and so on—ran to about $300 a year. And that a large non-objective work occupies the space of three or four more concentrated works. And in Chicago I was told that the local young private collectors were stocking up on the non-objectives to the neglect of the sort of pictures the Institute would prefer to inherit.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that in Chicago, after a lull of many years, an enormous amount of private collecting is being done, perhaps more than anywhere else in the country, at all price levels and in all the ranges of taste. And, if past models are followed, all these collections will eventually be available to the Institute. Under the new director, Mr. John Maxon, the Institute is being refurbished, repainted, relighted and rehung. And pictures, good pictures, hidden away for years are being given wall space. The Art Institute has for a long time been one of America's most important museums. It is now on the way to becoming one of our most exciting ones.

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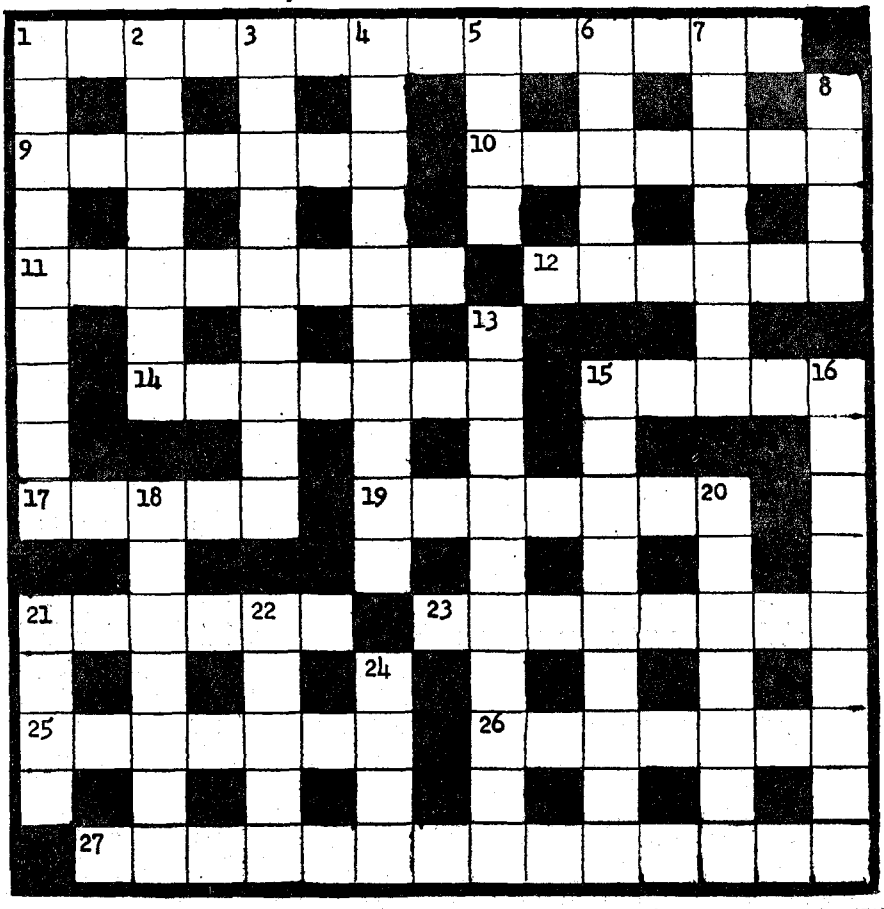
Crossword Puzzle No. 877

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is it in the sky to arouse air labor? (6, 8)
9 Sound investigation required for this study! (7)
10 What might twist Franklin's heart growth? (7)
11 Unruly hair does in Africa. (8)
12 See 24 down
14 You can't say you'd never find as real a body of water. (4, 3)
15 One way of seeing the foreign head of state, in short. (5)
17 It might take a little English money to stake a poet. (5)
19 One might find it otherwise, if a form of water comes from a hole. (7)
21 To wage war and peace, for example. (6)
23 Sound source of offspring, it's clear. (8)
25 Enterprising, when associated with a policeman's lot by Gilbert. (7)
26 Imposes a silent order. (7)
27 In order for a Greek to exist? Shake, friend! (14)

DOWN:

1 "Morning" by Mme Dudevant — and in character! (9)
2 With myrrh, odor always gives the plant away. (7)
3 Utter duplication! (9)
4 Superlatively good in third place, paradoxically — a real dog! (4, 2, 4)
5 Rub yours, but not ours! (It's hard!) (4)
6 A large order at sea. (5)
7 In a way, kill new yet old lines made possible by it. (7)
8 Was rather a strain to St. Matthew's blind guides. (4)
13 The little devils are found in the most colorless writing material! (10)
15 A description of the peak, perhaps. (9)
16 Violet battles so, and struggles to avoid the outcome. (6, 3)
18 Nervous around the square, but probably not in battle. (7)
20 Was his the original flying saucer report? (7)
21 Proving a prize bull is a strange animal at heart! (4)
22 Leaves, perhaps, protection to the plant. (5)
24 and 12 With food evidently on the way, were hacks driven to it? (4, 6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 876

ACROSS: 1 Mutiny; 4 Herewith; 10 Noxious; 11 Jackson; 12 Facts; 13 Bay; 14 Large; 15 Lobes; 17 Lestrade; 21 Left half; 23 Plain; 26 On dit; 28 Jet; 29 China; 31 In being; 32 Yachting 33 States. DOWN: 1 Manifold; 2 Taxicab; 3 Nooks; 5 Enjoy; 6 Excel; 7 Insured; 9 Isabella; 16 and 19 Satrap; 18 and 30 Safety in numbers; 20 Enlarges; 22 Endemic; 21 Animist; 25 and 8 Bounty hunter; 27 Treat; 28 Jason; 29 Cabot.

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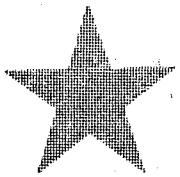

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